

LAC SUILLINUM – PIG’S MILK

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Dream Proving Translated into English by Vera Externest

PROVER 1, FEMALE (35 years old)

Dream: We are starting on a trip into a distant country. Without knowing the reason I am supposed to go by water until I reach the Rhine River. The subsequent route and our destination are still unknown. One of my colleagues will accompany me and I am glad about it. I am standing in a meadow by the side of a river – in front of me a landing-stage – waiting for my colleague. At last she arrives with some other colleagues and informs me that she will not be able to accompany me but that another colleague (A.) will come along. I am disappointed; all my joyful anticipation has dissolved. Even though I get on well with A., I have to adjust to a totally new situation.

A. and I manoeuvre a long and very narrow canoe into the water and get into it, A. in front and I behind. There is a lot of space fore and aft, albeit very narrow. The canoe is made from a single tree trunk of dark, reddish-brown wood.

We drift along (the river runs through fertile meadows) and soon we arrive at a veritable wilderness with high shrubs and trees on both banks. Everywhere you can see the colour green. Then, all of a sudden, we are in a jungle with only shades of green and brown. There are no flowers at all. Suddenly the trees and shrubs enclose us also in front and we cannot discern the course of the river any longer.

In all this green I discover one single, dark brown wooden track which ascends slightly, then curves and descends. A. leaves the canoe and tells me she will walk ahead to see how much the track lies above water. Then she calls out to me that it seems to be okay. Meanwhile, I drive the canoe up the track with someone’s help (the canoe fits the track exactly) and discover, after coming around a bend, that the track runs like a roller coaster. The jungle suddenly disappears and the track continues at a dizzying height across a crater lake, like hanging in the air. The lake is far, far below and has an ugly, dirty, dark green colour with lighter spots here and there. It is surrounded by bleak mountain sides and scree.

I am becoming afraid as soon as we come out of the jungle. At that very moment, “Oh, my God, what’s happening now?” (I am even afraid of heights), the canoe is accelerating as we go down. A. is still running along the track, but she is behind me now. I shriek at her that this will end in disaster. Then the canoe, with me in it, flies through the air and crashes into the water after a long while.

A. has jumped into the water fully clothed and is swimming behind the canoe. I call out to her to come into the canoe but she says she is really enjoying the swim and I should also get into the water. In the end I do it, also fully clothed including my coat. I find the water horrible but then think that it is quite warm and that it is all right to swim in.

While in the water I see an undulating, brilliant orange snake with some yellow stripes. When I look closer I discover a very long, flat fish coloured similarly which has adjusted its movement exactly to the undulations of the snake, keeping it company. I am not afraid of the snake, I even like the colouring very much. When I discover the fish I am starting to get scared again. I call out to A. that we need to get back into the canoe quickly. At the same moment the fish opens its mouth, it expands and expands and reveals countless small, pointed teeth, sharp as razors, like those of a piranha. I am starting to panic. The fish separates from the snake, letting go of its lethargy, races towards me and snaps at me many, many times, hurting me unbearably. I cannot defend myself, I am totally at its mercy. It keeps on biting and I am bleeding and I think that I'll die in a moment. Fear of death.

I wake up and am totally mixed up, my thoughts are confused but the fear no longer affects me as is usually the case with other dreams and nightmares.

Dream: I am in an oldish house. Somebody who is not known to me has died here. I am in a hall, in front of me an old, steep staircase, with wooden steps and a wooden banister on the right side, leads upstairs. On the white wall, left of the staircase, there are numerous framed photographs of various people. A man is descending the stairs and tells me that I have a choice: I can pray for an hour – the others are already in church for the funeral which has started a while ago – or I can just wait here. I tell him that I am not of the party, I have only come to ask for some urgent information. He says he cannot give me any information and goes back upstairs.

Observation: The atmosphere was like in an old 'who-dunnit'. The story line was that I went in to research something, to find a piece of the puzzle, like in a detective story. I stayed on my own in the hall. A feeling as though I don't belong there.

Dream: I am in a large city. I am standing in front of a shop with an acquaintance and look at postcards for a long time. She wants to remain longer while I go into a cafe with another acquaintance. There are lots of people on the move. I keep on walking and meet lots of acquaintances but only women. A tram runs through town but we prefer to go on foot as far as possible, preferably along the river because it is quieter there. Along the river there is a stone quay with an old road running parallel to it, which leads out of town and up a hill two to three kilometres further on. The tram and the river also run side by side every so often; the tram makes repeated detours into the crowd and shops. We are getting closer to the hill which is covered in lovely green meadows. On the hill we find an ex-colleague; beside her a little green dog is playing, reminding me of broccoli. I like the dog.

Dream: A room in a hospital with two patients. One patient is lying on his bed. One of his hands is red; he is dirty, has filthy hair and can only move by crawling. The other patient is sitting in a wheelchair. He wears a wig which he takes off and presents to me with a smirk...inside it everything looks congealed and full of sticky filth (on the other hand it could have been blood or body secretions).

These are dirty people but somehow I feel that this is normal. I spend the whole day in this room watching, at night I also sleep there on the couch. My pillow is suddenly covered with sticky filth. The consultants are doing their rounds. I ask them what's the matter with these people but nobody pays me any attention. Suddenly the more able of the two patients jumps over his bed. I follow the consultants out of the room taking the dirty laundry with me. I am standing in a giant corridor; the door to the conference hall is open. From everywhere I can hear carnival songs; in the conference hall everybody is drinking champagne and there is lots of cheer – the consultants are heading there as well. The corridor turns into a hall where a group of people on community service is having a meeting and discussing work schedules. I go to the nurses' station and find a 'sister' and a male nurse sitting on a corner bench at a kitchen table, drinking champagne and talking. Nobody pays me any attention. There is a long corridor with metal spiral staircases. Everywhere there are crowds. An amputee sitting in a wheelchair is trying to hang onto his prosthesis. Somebody else pushes him along.

Observation: I asked myself what I was dreaming. What's the matter, what's happening there? A feeling as though I am transparent, yes, I was present but then again not: I was there to do my work but somehow I did not really exist.

Dream: My mother is sitting at her sewing machine. I come into the room – she has woken me up so I can go to church. My father is already in the car with my grandmother and two elderly ladies. I dress, take my coat, carrying it in front of my body, and get into the car. My dad gets out of the car again. The two ladies look at me stiffly and unmoved. I think that this is too silly; I get out of the car and walk along the road and up a hill still holding my black leather coat in front of my belly as though for protection.

Observation: Normally a coat is carried across one's arm or in a different way; it served as a real protection. Feeling: I am protecting myself.

Dream: I am looking at posters announcing concerts which I'd like to go to. I go back and the car has disappeared. My mother challenges me why I am not at church. I am happy to have missed church. An acquaintance arrives – I only know that I know him but actually there is no face; we sit down on the floor in the room that used to be my room when I was young and we are talking and laughing. Actually he only wants to pick up the garage keys and borrow the XT which my grandmother keeps in her garage, but grandma has taken the key to church.

Observation: The same feeling as in my youth: my parents demand that I do something specific and I tell myself that they don't know anyway what is important.

Dream: In a room while on holiday. There is water in the drawer that contains my underwear. I go to the kitchen. Everything is flooded in sunlight. All other rooms are occupied. However, on the next floor all the rooms are dark. All of us have the same departure date. We all go up the ski lift one more time. It is early summer. The mountain slopes are green with brown marks that look like lesions: really destroyed. We are planning to come back once more next winter, with some friends. Then we descend in the chairlift and at the bottom we encounter someone with a large car, a jeep or similar, who is distributing the keys that people have lost.

Observation: I have dreamed a lot about work, much more than usually, also of funerals and hospitals. Much dreaming about colours and snakes (I've never dreamed of these before). Lots of contradictions in all the dreams. I also dreamed a lot about women; they played important roles. I also had the feeling of having had a sexual dream, but there is no memory of it. Generally there was an increased feeling of fear which I didn't have before. I found it very difficult to remember my dreams. Also the writing down was chaotic; I didn't read through it, was only glad when I had written it all down. Four days in a row one or other body part went numb, twice my left arm, once the right arm and once the right hand.

PROVER 2, FEMALE (39 years old)

When I opened the letter I perceived a sweetish aroma; along with this letter there was an advertisement of books about differential diagnosis, e.g. 'The Diagnostic View'. Many different bad skin complaints are described in them.

Dream image: A dual-carriage field track; directly beside the track there lies a reptile skin with round scales as though the animal has died a while ago.

Dream: An insect flies towards my neck, hits the skin and flies away.

Dream: In a shop that used to be devoted to carpentry only previously they also sell bicycles these days. My bicycle or my child's bike is broken and is to be repaired. A man (shop assistant) says they don't repair bikes, not even those they sell here. I try to convince him of the opposite, implying that he is talking nonsense. Now it appears that he wants to ask his boss; he walks to some rooms at the back and does not return. I seem not to trust him as I am following him and shouting my demands for all to hear, (tradesmen and customers). I am exposing the shop and its business practices to everybody present. I feel that this is a successful strategy.

Dream: I am driving my car in winter in snowy conditions, driving is not easy. I have a woman with 2 or 3 girls in the car. We don't know the area and I want to go to a hairdresser.

There seems to be no problem about how we get there. The others are accompanying me even though only I want to go to the hairdresser. I am told that I will be next but then a young woman with dark hair goes ahead of me. It's a strange situation. Will it be my turn next? Are the other people waiting, too?

Comment: it feels like a continuation of the previous dream. Should I defend my right of being the first in the queue?

Observation: It is surprising that I am dreaming of snow at this time. There was snow in the surroundings (?).

Night, 0.45am: I wake up after hearing a noise – like the rustling of a dry, desiccated leaf.

Dream: We are on top of the Oranienberg (Oranien hill), sitting in the grass. Somebody is hungry and my sister tells me, "The wood around you is Oranien wood – you can eat it."

Comment: I have never heard of Oranienberg or Oranien wood.

Dream: We have bought a caravan. However the vendor (*error in text: buyer*) has gone on holiday with it and has had an accident on his way back. The previous owner is meeting me about the exact address and insurance details, etc. I am not exactly sure about the agreement between my husband and this man. I start to be suspicious that the man is turning everything to his own advantage. The more he is talking the less believable he becomes. I think that my brother-in-law who is a mechanic should have a look at the caravan. But can we still withdraw from the agreement to buy it? My feeling: something is wrong, I am being cheated.

Feeling: deception, well and truly sunk. I can't grasp the dream any longer, only the feeling that it has nothing to do with relationships.

Dream: A child is being raped. I am upset and appalled and I don't want to write it down, I push the dream aside and repress it, there are no clear images.

Comment: what an awful remedy! I don't want it. I put the remedy beside the bed. It was a short glimpse of a girl's rape – I totally refused to continue dreaming. After that I put the remedy away, I can't say that it scared me; I just didn't want it, I don't do such nonsense to myself.

Dream: I am working as a cleaner in a beautiful large house. I am at liberty to organise my work and therefore I like to work here and I am glad. Once there is a party at this place and I get invited. I feel fine at the party and meet someone who falls in love with me. He's already got a girlfriend who joins us later and immediately notices what is going on. She is very sad. We don't hate each other. Feeling: I feel well, I am happy to be alive.

Dream: A woman challenges me to a race. There is still some snow in the surroundings. My aim is not to come in first but to manage to get to the end of the race. I am convinced that

I'll make it. But once I am running I am no longer convinced. I become aware that I'll never make it, I'll never arrive. Before the race I had the energy and felt that I'd make it easily.

Dream: I am meeting someone new and get to love him. There are many dividing factors: status in society, parents, milieu, etc. He is very patient and woos me really charmingly. He writes me a very long letter. It is like in a dream while I am dreaming (like in a fairytale); I am full of enthusiasm and happiness.

Observation: I had unusually many dreams; I had even more dreams but I could not remember them. After the first evening I noticed that I should have a pen beside me so that I could write things down. Even then I lost some of the dreams.

One week after the proving I ate some pork during a barbecue and got a bad bout of diarrhoea. Even during the meal and also afterwards I had a real disgust of meat.

PROVER 3, FEMALE (57 years old)

Dream: I went on a walk and passed by a cave on my way. I was looking inside and I was surprised because it was brightly lit inside. Then I saw a piece of jewellery lying in the centre of the cave, which was lit brightly by a light source somewhere above. Around the jewellery many animals had arrayed themselves; bats and birds were near the cave's ceiling and on the floor there was a very large, thick snake. The animals seemed to be guarding the jewellery. Suddenly a man appeared in the cave and showed great interest in the jewellery. Suddenly everything started to happen. The birds swooped down, the bats flew around wildly and the snake was moving nervously and looking up again and again.

Then I woke up. When I fell asleep again the dream continued. I watched from behind a rocky outcrop and saw the man enter the cave. I perceived immediately that his intentions were not good. I was afraid of him and therefore woke up again. This happened several times.

Observation: With the medicine I have been sleeping more restlessly than usual. During the day I felt a bit done in and feeble. I was also more nervous than usual. I always awoke with a headache in the morning. This is not usual. It was a tension headache. It was also strange that I lost 1.5kg during the week when I had the medicine under my pillow, even though I was ravenous. I literally bolted my food while I am usually a leisurely eater. I felt thoroughly ashamed about it.

I had one whole day with earache and difficulties to swallow. But it was gone the next morning. Last night I awoke and noticed that my son hadn't come home yet. It was already 4am. I got scared that something had happened to him, a car accident. I was very flustered and started to have severe palpitations.

PROVER 4, FEMALE (40 years old)

Dream: It is dark. I am trying to turn into a street but there are many cars blocking the way. They are parking legally (not in the no-parking area). I ask a woman how I can get to “up there”. The street is paved with cobbles and a river flows past it on the right side. The woman explains that I’ll have to manoeuvre through a narrow gap that has been left for the purpose. Then I would have to ask for the name at the house if I were to deliver post. Now I can see that the street ends in a cul-de-sac. I can’t turn into it at all.

Dream: I am sitting at the river with my daughter and the houses on the other side look beautiful, reminding me of Venice. Beautiful colours: reddish brown, yellow... The woman (sic) is full of enthusiasm; she is wading around in the water showing me the things that she admires most – knobbly objects that come into being in the water. They look like sage candies. My daughter wants to put some into her mouth but I prevent her. A man is swimming in the waves. I think I find it a bit repellent because the water is not very clean.

Dream: We want to attend a concert of a famous singer; I think it is Tina Turner. We are ‘in the sticks’ in the Saarland and I think that it is absolutely funny that Tina Turner of all people will be appearing at a small gym of a one-horse town in the Saarland. It is only 10pm and nothing much is happening yet at the hall. Already a few people and children are running about. I think I am there with a friend and our children and as we go in I notice that I am not wearing my trousers. I go back to the room and put on my black jeans.

At first we selected a place at the very back, the only part which is elevated, because from there a balustrade leads across the place where the soccer goal is normally positioned. It is like a caged ledge. On the top of it there is an ashtray – this is obviously a popular place during concerts. Jana and the other child climb, or rather crawl, very close to the edge and play at balancing. They rock forwards and backwards and I am afraid that they’ll fall off. The other child is now below and there is an elderly man running about who has already attracted our notice unpleasantly: he is plastered and in a drunken mood. He needs to use both hands for something and passes his cigarette to the child to hold. I shout “Oi!” at him and my girlfriend immediately runs downstairs to stop what’s going on. I am really annoyed at this guy. Another man says to me (as though he wants to show solidarity), “The only thing missing is that he’ll rape someone.”

Observation: Like last night I had more dreams that may have been even more interesting but unfortunately I could not get a grasp of them and preserve them. Once about flying and yesterday something with children, twins. This is now the second dream where my child is exposed to danger with me wanting to protect her. Is this a test or a repeated dream of a mother whose child already suffered a severe accident once before?

Dream: I am at my ex-landlord's to pay a bill. Before I sit down at his desk I strip of my clothes to being almost naked. This is rather unusual but we behave as though everything is normal. After I have signed the papers I get dressed again (**Observation:** it felt so normal as though it was the custom. In real life I often felt as though my landlord was mentally undressing me).

Then a guy appears who is giving my landlord an exam so that he'll be allowed, in future, to advertise his business using fluorescent colours (in real life he owns a jewellery shop). I am asked to wait outside because afterwards he'll be off work. I walk to the neighbouring house to my friend who is making tea just then.

Comment: Just one day after coming off (the remedy was there but not under my pillow) I felt a place left of my nose which was tender on pressure. Now this place has become visible, it is swollen and red and it hurts. It is not a pimple but it is very uncomfortable and I am afraid that it could get larger. I can feel the swelling extending towards my eye. This could become a carbuncle. Then Petra asked me, "Are you taking part in the proving?" And I phoned Olli who, just before we had an exchange about carbuncles, had been to see his neighbour telling him, "I don't know what I prefer: a carbuncle on my testicles or on my nose."

Also, since a few days I have an itch on the soles of my feet, on my palms as well as sometimes in the armpits and other usual spots. Very strange! Itchy skin is not a novelty for me but I've only had it once on the soles of my feet and that was when I had taken Iodum.

I had a very explosive feeling but cannot tell whether this was due to the remedy or just an exacerbation of something that's part of me anyway. A very strong aggression; at times it was not there but then there were moments when I was so extremely irritated, accompanied by thoughts of violence, that I really felt like throwing a punch. There were situations where I felt that I had lost it. It happened with my daughter that I reacted in such a way that I had to apologise afterwards. This was accompanied by palpitations and excitement, nervousness. I was wondering whether the remedy is a drug. Normally I dream a lot and can remember my dreams well. This time I really had to work at it.

PROVER 5, MALE (33 years old)

Dream: We are going to a museum, feeling relaxed. I buy a ticket for DM 4.- and deposit my coat. I am wearing a sports jacket with tie. At the cloakroom I am given a ticket. With both my tickets I go the usher. There's a bit of a crush. Some people are jumping the queue. It is chaos. At last the usher takes my ticket and says, "With this ticket you can go in." But where are my tickets? Somebody is running away. He looks well dressed and because I am calling out three men catch hold of him. He has dark hair and a full beard. He lowers his gaze and

comes along with me to be convicted. Several people are standing in the queue, always in pairs, waiting their turn.

We are in a small room. Somebody is sitting on the floor convicting people. The accusers have to search the defendants themselves and if the defendants put up a fight one has to keep a hold of them by oneself. I hang up my sports jacket before I search the man and he puts up an awful resistance. I am looking for my ticket value DM 4.- as well as my cloakroom ticket. Instinctively I grab into his full trouser pockets and find a large syringe and a spoon; I get a fright. The man sitting on the ground calls out, "Another junkie!" I feel disgusted by it all but I have to have my ticket that cost DM 4.-. When I try the other trouser pocket my hand finds another syringe. The man on the ground shouts, "Forget your ticket, you won't get anything out of him." The junkie is smirking. Full of disgust I run to another room (*finding myself*) between bunk beds with dark green sleeping bags (it looks like a French youth hostel). I am wandering about, there are another two or three people. I am coming to rest in a corner. Everything is quiet. There is bread with sausage on a plate. Just as I try to grab some I feel a shiver running through me, I nearly jump as high as the ceiling from fright. A small dog has passed between my legs. As I am preparing sandwiches, putting them into a knapsack I remember that I have forgotten my sports jacket. I think, "I don't give a shit". As I am preparing the last sandwich a German Shepherd snaps at my hand. Even so I don't let go, I must have this last sandwich. The table is full of bread and sausages. I wonder whether to throw him some bread and then make my escape. But it shouldn't make such a fuss; it should eat all the sausage on the table rather than going for my little bit of sausage on my piece of bread which is getting smaller and smaller.

PROVER 6, MALE (36 years old)

Thought in dream: I don't know what I have dreamed; the last thought just before waking was about a sledge-hammer. I only had the feeling that what I was dreaming was not threatening at all.

Dream: I dreamed something about the devil, that he was standing on a balcony or a gallery and watching something or waiting for something to happen. I was amongst a crowd and looked up (no feeling of threat, I only perceived him), a similar situation to when a football team celebrates a cup win. Why did I know that it was the devil? No idea. One couldn't tell from his appearance though I wouldn't be able to tell exactly now how he looked. It was like a situation where a crowd cheers somebody and that person knows exactly that he is deceiving the people, leading them astray or into hell (I think he also had this knowing smile on his lips).

Dream: Something about sailing at sea (that is the only detail I can remember). Also from the second dream I remember only a fragment, I know that it was about an explosion.

All the time that the remedy was under my pillow, I felt totally irritated, I had a temper and felt fed-up. For example, if the bus was two minutes late I already got annoyed; I would have liked to let out my rage in a scream. Another example: I met my parents on the stairs, my father said something and I became really furious, it was a real trifle. This never happens normally. I thought it was quite conspicuous.

On Monday and Tuesday I was full of energy. I had jogged in the woods and could have continued for another hour. Then it changed: when I jogged in the woods again on Thursday I was totally exhausted, I had to stop three or four times, I felt as though someone had syphoned off my energy.

On Thursday morning I discovered a small lump directly inside of my right groin. On Thursday evening I put the remedy away. The lump was increasing in size. I started to be worried; it also started hurting. The location was quite inconvenient as every movement hurt.

On Sunday the lump had reached the size of two fingernails and was painful on touch; the problem was that I could not avoid touching it whenever I moved, I even didn't wear underpants. I was worried. Then I noticed that the lump had developed into a carbuncle.

On Sunday afternoon I spoke to an acquaintance. While we were talking on the phone about it the carbuncle burst and discharged partially. This process of discharging continued till the middle of the week, then slowly everything got back to looking normal.

On Monday, after the carbuncle had burst I had the sensation, while on the course in the evening, that I was coming down with a cold. This then happened. At first, on Tuesday morning, I had a runny nasal discharge and a hoarse voice as though I had been boozing, also swollen eyes. After two days the runny nasal discharge was gone and the cold developed into a strange coryza with a rather dry and yellowish discharge. I only had to blow my nose three or four times a day. This ceased after a week. My hoarseness and swollen eyes continued for a week. Somebody asked me on the weekend whether I had been boozing. The feeling of irritation stopped when the carbuncle burst even though I had the cold, (*swollen*) eyes and hoarseness.

PROVER 7, FEMALE (37 years old – remedy known)

Dream: At a family meeting: father, mother, children, one aunt – I knew that she was the actress Gina Rowlands – one pet, a small 'dino', that's what it was called by all. It looked like a cross between an iguana and a cat. It had a scaly shell and a ring-like skin carapace around its head. And it had cubs – small, naked, pink suckling cubs the size of a grain of rice. We all had congregated in my office at work, and the 'dino' with its cubs had been put in a cupboard. A colleague joined us and started to look into all my cupboards. She told me that

our department head had said that she'd never seen me distribute the post... which was why she was really astonished to find me handing out the post today... I felt defensive and very uncomfortable... Later the actress was interviewed by a nosy journalist who asked her about my family (which infuriated me).

Dream: Together with a few homoeopaths we were participants at a Saturday night TV show at a private station. Somehow we were part of the show and had been asked to introduce a medicine: Mezereum. The show was American: overweight black performers in loud, colourful garments were singing and dancing on a stage and kept on speaking English even though the show was for a German audience. Towards the end the audience was asked how they had liked it. A very haggard, rather disagreeable man said that he had quite liked the show. The only thing he didn't rate was the thing about homoeopathy, this Mezereum... he wanted to know what the point was. I became furious and gave the man a piece of my mind. My opinion was that the show was total trash and that he should have kept quiet since he had no idea about homoeopathy.

Dream: I am driving to a homoeopathic seminar. During our free time I have a look around the city where the seminar is being held. I go on a walk through the old town and up a hill.

In the pedestrian precinct there is a colourful fountain (green and red). It is an abstract ceramic sculpture with edges and protruberances, very strange shapes. The water emerges somewhere at the top and pours down the entire sculpture. Due to the refraction of light in the water and the strange shapes it looks as though the whole thing is moving; edges and protruberances shift and come out in greater relief. I am fascinated.

Later, at the seminar, another participant accosts me saying that she is interested in me, even sexually. I don't particularly like this woman but pretend to acquiesce to her request and take her to my room. I know that a friend of mine has gone there to lie down and have a rest. In this way the situation is diffused; the three of us have a chat and the distance is maintained. My friend shows us a series of small taped advertisements which were given to her by a woman. They are an exact replica of her naturopathy oral examination.

After this night I had no further dreams even though the remedy remained under my pillow for another couple of nights.

On the second day a little blister developed on my lower lip, like an aphtha, which was very sore when touched with the tongue (I don't usually get this kind of thing, had it maybe once in the last ten years). The pain radiates all the way to behind my right ear (mastoid). The blister disappeared within two days after I had moved the remedy to another room.

What I also noticed during all this time until at least a week afterwards was that my temperature gauge seemed not to function correctly. Constantly I felt either too hot or, when I shed some layers, I soon got very cold. When I was too hot my head felt as though it was on fire and I had very red cheeks. It was like hot flushes, quite extreme, I felt as though

I'd burn up, with a very red face, but then it was followed by extreme cold. I felt too cold, with icy cold hands and feet.

In general my energy was very low during the time that I kept the remedy under my pillow and for a few days afterwards. I felt shattered and feeble, which, a week later, turned to the exact opposite: I literally bubbled over with energy. Now everything is back to normal.

Usually my weight fluctuates by 1-2 kg during my cycle while during the proving I lost at least 3 kg.

PROVER 8, FEMALE (36 years old)

Dream: One of my colleagues asks whether she could obtain some soil or topsoil from me. We dig a hole in the cellar below my house and I let her take soil away from there (we had talked about topsoil at work because this colleague had just bought a house).

Dream: A large game enclosure or a fenced piece of woodland. A young wild black woman lives there (I don't know whether that's me – at times it feels like that – but then again, at a distance, I am a male observer).

Dream: I am at home with a male friend (all in all it is our house but it has an annex on the south-west side *(which is not there in real life)*). Suddenly I get the idea that we can make the annex into a conservatory. I want to show it to my friend but first I cut all the branches off a flowering plant and put it outside because it is crawling with ants.

In the annex a young man is painting the ceiling even though it was already painted white and quite in order. I ask what this is all about. He says that he'll be moving in and is therefore decorating. I am perplexed and ask how he has come to think like that. *(He says)* he is a maths student and has nowhere to stay and he knows that we have space and he wants to live here. I am beside myself because he hasn't asked me first and because he is so impudent and because I don't want him in the house. I don't like him. I want to know how long he intends to stay but he won't tell me. My friend is standing there, he also does not agree but he does not say anything.

PROVER 9, MALE (35 years old)

Dream: I am at school and my history teacher has it in for me. I think now he'll fail me in my history finals. We used to be good friends but now he wants to do for me. I am sitting in class and he's teaching. He is showing us slides and I think to myself that he is doing it very well.

Suddenly I sit with his wife at the table, she tells me that many children confide in her and that she has everybody's keys with their room numbers attached, that she has this quirk to collect keys. My feeling is that she doesn't have any real contact with the children. She gets up and walks around a round table, playing to everybody like you would in a street theatre; she does want to make contact and I say to another woman, "Have you watched this by any chance?" But she has not observed it. I am pondering whether I should show her that, in my opinion, she does not establish a real contact with the audience, but nobody has been watching.

Observation: Our history teacher really wanted to do for me; we had a quarrel, I had challenged his authority and complained regarding his marking of my assignment, that he had been scrawling all over it and spoiling the whole picture. My work was destroyed. And he had made mistakes in his corrections; I perceived this as contemptuous. So I permitted myself to write at the bottom that this was a downright disgrace, that it shouldn't be done, that I didn't agree, that, in my opinion, he hadn't grasped some of the points, and that I didn't agree. Then he totally lost it and told me off saying that if this were not my last year he would get me expelled from the school. He totally lost it. The dream started exactly at this point when he scrawled all over my stuff – the picture was spoilt – and then he wanted to get me expelled from the school for that, it was again a feeling of contempt. The words used by the prover to a friend: "The swine!"

Dream: A woman tells me, "No, I am not going into the basement; I was once locked in the basement, and I had no food or they wouldn't give me any food." Then she makes a fast snapping movement with her jaw as though she has a snout.

Observation: That was like a dog's snout. Then I woke up; ooh, she obviously had not been given any food. She didn't bite me.

Dream: Flying in the universe. There was nothing else. Then I woke up. Just with a rocket in space or something like that, I don't know exactly about the rocket.

Comment: There was something with the key; I came back from holiday and my key did no longer fit the lock because it had been changed. I arrive back from holiday and I am standing in front of the door and I know that some shit has happened (sic). I am standing there and can't open the door. First I went to my clinic and thought I had mixed up the key. Then I tried the other but it also didn't fit. I looked at the door and saw that there were lots of fingerprints along the edge. But the lock itself was totally white and clean. In the apartment a part of a wall was missing apparently because the heating system had broken down. Everything was rather chaotic.

I had the feeling that I was obese. It started straight away after putting the remedy under my pillow, as though everything were flab, the sensation was very strong. It is not such an unusual symptom, I know, but it lasted for three weeks. It related to the abdomen, nothing

else, not ugly, just fat, that's flab. Then, when I went on holiday I kept on wearing a t-shirt so that others would not see the fat.

PROVER 10, MALE (37 years old – remedy known)

Dream: A woman in a mine. Possibly there are toxic gases. The mine is to be evacuated because of danger of explosion and toxicity. It is possible that the woman is just a malingerer. The gas smells a bit on the one hand but on the other hand there is no smell, it must be an odourless gas.

After I woke up I had odourless flatulence. Then on the toilet my urine smelled as though I had eaten asparagus.

Dream (about 3 hours later): Again a woman. Again she is below ground (and she has neglected her children due to her activity). The situation seems to be that the officials are trying to hush up an environmental scandal. The woman slips me a piece of paper on which is written the secret word "Baxter". I call out to a young environmentalist but she is slow on the uptake and takes a long time to find the word "Baxter" highlighted in yellow in the three columns of text on a photocopied paper.

Comment: It reminds me of a detective called "Cliff Dexter" from an American crime series from the 60's. Later the woman receives a telegram with the text, "The man whom, we know, you love is dead." "Baxter" could also represent "Neil Baxter", another detective from a Helga Schneider movie.

Dream: Again a woman in a mine (I have never before dreamed of mines or women in mines).

Dream: Something about an overcrowded kindergarten. The children's shoes are too tight.

Dream: Again a kindergarten. A man is evaluating something and is writing marks on a list. The marks range from 1 to 3. There are two sentences in the room: "Have you ever seen a dead person?", "I am afraid to look at dead people." (I kept on waking during the night and wrote this down and was highly amused about it).

Dream: Rats under the bed. It is a bedroom from my childhood with a double bed, my older brother is beside me. Under the bed there are a few rats eating something, coming out into the open every so often. They are totally fearless and quite impudent. I have to shout loudly and clap my hands so that they recoil and jump back a couple of metres but they come back immediately. We decide that this is unacceptable and push the bed aside. No wonder that they are so content here: the floor is covered with a sticky and probably sweet liquid on which dust has accumulated. Then there are brown-yellowish jellied fruits, all stuck together (they are not jellybabies but homemade sweets prepared from thickened apple juice). And

there is an old crystal bottle with a square neck, congealed with old dirt and dust. It is probably the origin of the sticky, sweet, spilt spots on the floor. Again the five to seven rats have returned and are gorging themselves. They run close to my face but it is not uncomfortable or scary: they are cute, funny, well groomed animals with big round eyes.

Still, this can't be allowed to continue. It is imperative to get the floor under the bed cleaned up and mopped! My sister is looking in at the door and claps her hands to her mouth, "My God, how filthy it is in here!" Even she is not afraid of or disgusted by the rats (I have never before dreamed of rats).

Dream: An underground department store: it must have been built on uneven ground because there are only small, square sales areas, tiled in square, speckled beige tiles (about 25cm x 25cm) with narrow grouting, so that one is forced, again and again, to push the shopping trolley up and down steep ramps that are covered in royal blue rectangular tiles (about 18cm x 25cm) with wide grouting. On the top floor, which has a flat entrance where one can easily knock one's head (approximately 1.7m high), there is the butcher. The sales counter is modern, half finished and made of glass but, and that's funny, in the corner there is old sitting room furniture, antiques and bourgeois, a cupboard, table and chairs. This storey is obviously above ground as there are small hatched windows in the wall, which is nearly half a metre thick. A worker in blue overalls in front of me buys a cheese roll. Then there are different types of sliced meats and smoked turkey breast on wooden serving boards.

Dream: I am driving in my car (a red old Ford Escort?) along a track where the last rain has created a puddle of approximately 30 metres length. The car in front of me drives through it, so there must be a passage where the water is only 20 centimetres deep. I take the same route through the puddle. Later my car has suddenly turned into a "Mokick" (*motor bike*) (Honda Dax) and my younger brother is sitting behind me. At a crossroads he has to get off as it is dangerous to drive across the dense traffic with little acceleration. He is annoyed at me when I cross the road closely in front of a grey Citroen CX and he is only just about able to cross right behind me in front of that car. Then we continue together on a track with sharp black gravel. It is difficult because the tyres work themselves into it and are skidding on the soft soil below. (I very rarely dream of my brother. At age 16 I had a Honda Dax and at age 20 a red Ford Escort).

PROVER 11, FEMALE (36 years old)

Dream: I am travelling by train with three other women: one is Monica with whom I ran a pottery workshop years ago, another is a woman who was probably in my class at secondary school and the third woman I don't know. I can see the women vividly (including the woman I went to school with) but I can't remember her name. It is raining. We are discussing the small town called Soest and that nothing much ever happens there.

New image: We are at Soest in a pub together with a larger group including some French people (men and women). I remark that we had much more fun the day before when a French woman behaved outrageously and talked nonsense.

Observation: Feeling of slight boredom because it was less entertaining, nobody put on a show.

The three women want to go and I accompany them to the train station. I look for a place to sleep in the street and end up at the Hansaplatz behind the Venice (*hotel/restaurant?*). The rows of houses are all elevated, like on a plateau. It is quite late at night but there is still light. I am there with some other people whom I see vividly in front of me – I lie down in the parking lot behind the Venice and feel fine. The cobbles are wet from the rain.

Dream: I am living with my parents and grandparents in a large house, a half-timbered house with low ceilings. All of us (about ten or eleven persons) are in a living room (with tables, chairs, armchairs and a sofa), which is at the level of the first floor. We are being visited by an uncle and aunt whom I don't know. My friend (whom I don't know) and I are waiting for friends to visit us and we all know that Magret and Lutz from Dresden will arrive later (these two I do know).

I look out of the window and see cars parked in front of the house and lots of people. There seems to be a fair. Directly in front of the window there is a merry-go-round. An African woman who is highly pregnant is sitting on it. Then a family passes her with a small black child, nearly an infant. One of the adults puts the baby on the lap of the black pregnant woman to take a photo. The woman is irritated, then she laughs. She is looking at me and I know her features. It is a sympathetic face.

Somebody says, "Lutz and Magret are here". I look out of the window from a different angle and see a sparkling, new car. It is a model between a Porsche and a VW Beetle (a novel design). The back is like that of a Beetle, no hard lines, while a Porsche has wavering lines. The front is like that of a Porsche. I sit down again in the armchair and Magret and Lutz enter the room.

Dream: I am sitting with friends, we are eating. I can see the scene from above. We are having salad (farmer's salad with lots of greens) and it is delicious. I find a small red butterfly in the salad. This makes me angry and I feel disgusted; this is not right! I take the butterfly out of the salad. After a while the others are also finding butterflies in the salad. Bit by bit there are more and more butterflies. I thought it funny because it was unusual; I had to chuckle. The others are complaining because there are so many butterflies in the salad. The butterflies are getting larger and larger. When they have grown to about one metre in diameter I feel spooked; it is strange, odd, mysterious that these small beings are becoming so large; they become giant butterflies. Slowly they fill my entire dream vista. I see them in close-up.

Observation: In general I observed that the dreams were not dramatic. Everything was slow and peaceful, nearly without sound (except for a few sentences). I had very clear and vivid images of the people even if I didn't know them.

PROVER 12, MALE (37 years old)

I received the medicine in the evening before the course – kept it in my jacket pocket. After the course (*I went*) to the pub, unusually cheerful and lively. I had two beers and reeled like drunk on the way to my car.

Back at the apartment; there were five messages on my answer-phone. When I listened to them again the next day I noticed that they were all confused; one patient, for instance, called twice because she could not recall her phone number correctly at the first attempt. She said, "I am off my head today!" When she called again she first gave a wrong area code. Another patient left the following message, "I am just being admitted to the Sonnenberg Psychiatric Unit in Saarbrücken". The mother of yet another patient said that she was supposed to call me that night however that had not been agreed. Strange accumulation of confusion! In my apartment I have a sense of threat, dark, alone, probably mainly because of the Sonnenberg patient (amongst other things).

When I was going to sleep I started thinking about eunuchs. I asked myself how I would feel if I cut off my testicles. I imagine it vividly and nearly experience some pain.

Short stitches, upper edge and middle of shoulder, left trapezius.

Nose: Odour like powder, cardboard.

On waking, the word 'falling' (*German*: Fallen) occurs in a number of variations; (*German*: Ab-Fallen) "to fall off; to drop back; to break with; to break away; to drop out; to fall away".

Dream: A long dream – I cannot remember the first part.

Atmosphere: like a street riot; I am in a group of three, we feel strong as though we are heroes. It is night, we are waiting for a retaliation from the police; (*it is*) dangerous; will we be able to reach the safety of the apartment? Image: a dark area (factory grounds); at one end there are two fire engines; that means they are coming! Another image: we have to traverse an old large yard enclosed by walls, like a graveyard; the police is there – they let us pass but shoot at others with green nuts shaped like hazelnuts; (*I am*) glad that they are not bothering with us, a narrow escape. But with it an uneasy feeling as we pretended that we had nothing to do with it to save our skins; we reach a passage like a corridor in a train, on the right (*there is*) a room like a train compartment, half of it is barred with grilles. L. (the eight-year-old daughter of a friend) and a baby are in there; they have slept there and it seems that they are locked up. L. wants to go with us but how can she get out of the barred

room? I say, "But you don't have a key!" It's baffling. She simply climbs over the bars and fetches the key from the anteroom. I think, "Strange! What does she need a key for now?" She says that her daddy is lying in the other room; he also came in at night ahead of the police; she is worried, a bit frantic, like children are when they are worried about their dad. He has extended areas of blue discolouration on his right hip and along the outside of his right leg, the shade of blue like that of the Schlümpfe (*German kids' television characters*), but with a metallic sheen, like a large haematoma due to injury but it is not too bad; then I see that L.'s neck has the same discolouration on the right side.

Image: We arrive at the apartment; many strangers are coming there, too, looking for protection.

It is day again. I have the sensation of not having slept at all but nevertheless I feel fit – fantastic! A bit heroic!

New image: The next morning, a parking lot (similar to the one in Metzger Street), large, with benches, trees. There are two people who have come from a lecture at the homoeopathic congress in Saarbrücken which is taking place just then; they talk about it; my feeling: they haven't got much of a clue. I have to change in the parking lot, my clothes are dirty from the night before; it is as though I am trying to destroy evidence. When I take my trousers off I am naked for a short while and I feel uncomfortable, somebody could see me – because my penis is so small and shrivelled – in a public place!

After getting up: the night was a short one, I woke up before the alarm clock – I am in a feverish, excited frame of mind because I am supposed to remember everything and must not forget anything. My brain feels fit; normally I feel totally worn out and shattered on waking.

Back from town: (*I am*) in a strange mood all the time. On the one hand (*there is*) a feeling of threat – for example a police siren feels spooky, like shadows of the night – is mixed up with the feeling I had at home last night, alone in the dark apartment after the call from the Sonnenberg patient. In the entry hall I am scared for a short moment, there is something menacing in the dark hall.

On the other hand, as though my sexual energy, my sexual charisma, is enhanced. In town I feel that women react to this energy, they look at me. I am more open, I get to the point, I am less reticent when I introduce myself, more direct! Even yesterday, in the pub, it was already like this. I could have it off without restraint!

At the supermarket the music touched me, a slow "mystic" piece. All in all (*I feel*) like in a dream world.

(*I am*) unusually hungry, also yesterday after the course.

All day long: more decisive, greater clarity, assertiveness, more masculine energy.

Suddenly I realised my problem with money: when I was a child I stole money from my mother; I just lusted after buying something for myself. Because I had a bad conscience I bought a present for her; even nowadays she will talk about this full of emotion. It is awful that I pretended I was doing something for her out of love. I have often remembered this over the years but its deeper significance for my life never “dawned” on me until now. I keep on thinking of it all week; I feel the need to talk things out with her and to apologise.

Dream: I am getting involved with a woman friend that I have known for years; we are having sex. Her partner comes to know about it. He threatens me, throws small objects at me. On the one hand he scares me and I want to flee. On the other hand I can't take him seriously; he is ridiculous; his rage is not expressed fully against me; it is checked by a kind of impotent helplessness and directed inward, a bit insane. I vacillate between being afraid and making fun of him.

On waking I am rather disturbed and full of consternation about my behaviour in the dream; feeling guilty.

In the evening in bed: for a short time (*I had*) the sensation as though the inside of my cranium is very large, like a large room (I thought of a cathedral); with this I feel dizzy for a short while as though losing consciousness.

Dream: There was a triangle, the image of a triangle on a lawn, a “magic” triangle. The union of three gives strength. Even in the dream during the first night we were three. Association: the “magic” triangle of the Stuttgart football club (Bobic, Balakov, Elber – *players*).

Dream: A box, buried in the sand near the sea, the water washes around it. I thought, this contains something dangerous, radioactive stuff, it needs to be taken away. There were many people, I wanted to find the box but someone else found it. As we opened it there were many tools, small pieces, more than 100 years old, nearly like ornaments with a subtle, soft, metallic lustre.

In the morning in town: again I have the feeling of being direct. On the one hand (*there is*) direct communication – I look at someone and – just like that! – I get to talking with strangers. This I only get rarely, when I am on form. Since the first night I am finding that strangers just talk to me. It is very easy to have contact, I don't need to do anything, it just happens. An example: I am living in this house since one year. On the first floor there lives a woman who is pretty disturbed. Except for “Hello” we haven't had any contact so far. Last week she asked me whether I could drive her to the forest; today she told me that she is pregnant. Women follow me with their eyes. (*I have*) more self-confidence. I feel attractive towards women. Feeling: it is so easy!

Directness also manifests in this way: I want something and – just like that – I achieve it, it just happens. Example: I am currently looking for a job. I sit in a café, get to talking to

someone and he says, “You can mow my lawn for DM 20 per hour.” Similarly at the employment office: I just have to press some keys on the computer and immediately I get some job offers. Life is fun this way!

(There is) a certain tendency to get overexcited: while cycling I am too careless – today I nearly ran into a car because I was going too fast, too eager for action, a kind of overshooting carelessness. I am hungry for adventure and have little motivation to sit at my desk and work.

In the evening at the course: sensation that I am getting ill. *(There are)* too many people; again the slight anticipation of something menacing. In the evening in bed: I have a sharper perception of shadows in the room. Shadow world.

Dream: A truck, like a tractor, the front cab without the trailer, is trying to drive down a very steep mountain track through snow and slippery ice. There are many of us. Where we are standing the track is even steeper. Our baggage is in the truck. While it is coming closer the relief driver is hurling our bags towards us. We are trying to collect them. It is dangerous, the truck will be upon us at any moment. I run towards it. Then it is upon us, skidding. Surprise, but also fear: I had not anticipated that it could hit me because I was running in the middle of the track. The driver avoids me, then the truck is past. It looks as though it is sliding down the mountainside – it is tearing down – but the driver succeeds to pull up at the last moment. We are relieved and grateful to the driver.

In the morning on waking a perception: waking is the transition from dreaming to the world of consciousness. In the borderland of the transition there are remains of the ocean of dreams, an area where both overlap, like waves that break upon the beach. Since the beginning of the proving I have more to do with people that are on the border of mental imbalance; this seems to be the common denominator. In the morning at the café there are two bullies, they appear really menacing. In the afternoon I go to the fair with the children: a friend of my daughter gets beaten up – she is totally traumatised.

In bed at night: oppression of the heart, strong palpitations through the upper torso while at rest, < from motion, cardiac anxiety, restlessness. This is familiar albeit uncommonly strong but there is a possible explanation: since I went on a cycling tour that lasted several days in great summer heat a few years ago, I’ve had the sensation that my heart was damaged. Today I struggled up a steep mountain, which I am not used to.

Dream: A man, whom I know from my work at the community centre and who has been quadriplegic since a car accident, has been bitten by a snake. In my dream I was spending his last minutes with him. He was dying but very calm; it was clear that nothing could be done for him. Only at the end did I have the idea that there could be an anti-venom and I thought, where can I get this in a hurry? At the same time it was impossible to obtain it so quickly. Strangely enough I knew that he had been bitten by an Elaps.

I have decided not to sleep on the remedy any longer. I am getting more and more scared at what is happening or what could happen. I went around and about in the morning: I had a near-accident with my car; another car came shooting out of a parking space, I was just able to break at the last moment. I am driving extremely carefully. I have the very strong feeling that I have to be especially cautious – it is really dangerous – or I'll have an accident; something fateful could happen; "fate is taking its course!" I am restless, yes, afraid, with oppression of the heart. As though I have strayed into magic thoughtlessly and have given rise to something. My mood has a touch of menace, magic, power. A little like the sorcerer's apprentice: the spirits that I raised won't leave me alone. I need peace and quiet, I am unable to be amongst people because I quickly feel unwell.

Since the proving I have strong palpitations when lying down, < from motion, an uncomfortable fluttering sensation; a threat, feeling that something is wrong with my heart. This is familiar from last autumn when I was ill. I thought that it was due to drinking coffee. However, it is still a bit mysterious. Possibly it is connected with the proving.

PROVER 13, MALE (39 years old)

Dream: At a swimming pool with a tropical ambience – palms, UV-light, fountains here and there, beautifully heated, artificial waterfall, etc. (I've never been in a place like this; sensation: pleasant, relaxed, quiet) – there are several people that I know, however, later on I can only identify one of them. This is a good acquaintance from a while ago with whom I have not had any contact since about fifteen years.

The last memory: I am treading on a pointed object (glass or similar); I lie down on a lounge and this acquaintance pulls the object out of my foot. At that moment I wake up because I experience a pain.

Observation: I had the hots for this woman, I had probably always wanted to take up with her; I had met her a few weeks previously but had not talked to her then.

Then I fall asleep again and shortly afterwards I hear the phone ring. I wake up again but I cannot say whether this was a dream or whether the phone has really rung.

During this night I had a number of dream fragments, however I couldn't remember them in the morning. In the evening I did not fall asleep for a long time; this is rather unusual (I lay awake for at least two hours though I was tired; I tossed and turned, I felt irritated because I had to get up early in the morning).

Dream: I am in the apartment of an acquaintance with several other people. Somebody is constantly walking around with a mobile in his hand. I ask this 'Somebody' to give me some coaching in maths because of our upcoming matriculation (this is actually 18 years ago).

Observation: I have this dream about the matriculation frequently; normally I always wake up covered in perspiration but not this time. I recognise the room, the private apartment, because of its slanting ceilings, the marble table and large massive armchairs. The guy with the mobile kept on running about, he didn't have time to listen to me, I think that I then turned pushy and nervous.

Next morning my left earlobe (where I have an earring) is inflamed. This happens every few months. After four nights I stop the proving. During this time I have a number of other dreams which I can, however, not remember the next morning. Also: inflammation of the lymph nodes in my axillae, they hurt but again I tend to get this every so often. It was unusual that it happened exactly at this time and then disappeared again after the proving.

PROVER 14, MALE (38 years old)

Dream: I was standing at the ski lift (a lift that pulls you) and wanted a ride. However, the lift was broken. Then a tractor, painted in many colours (mainly red), was substituted to pull all the skiers up the mountain with a long rope. However, somehow I got up the mountain by myself. When I took off downhill I saw the tractor come up with all the skiers. On the other side of the mountain there must have been an avalanche which I did not see (the snow was all stirred up, firm snow which does not stick together and is not so smooth). I climbed up on the snowfield and saw dozens of sunglasses on the pass (the sunglasses were strewn around an area of five to ten metres, some half-buried in the snow, some with a bit showing, others deeper or totally covered).

Dream: I helped an acquaintance with the launching preparations for a rocket that was to carry a live passenger (a monkey, brown like a rhesus monkey; the monkey was put on board through a hatch). The rocket was about 2 metres long and was fixed via two thin wires to a cement pillar (like pillars common in double-garages; behind it my acquaintance was tinkering with the rocket). I thought, what nonsense! Nevertheless I assisted him. At the end we had to manually adjust the rocket's position (it was tilted to one side when we started the count-down; I put both my arms around it to straighten it up). I was wondering... Then the lights (orange-red) started to blink across the whole area to indicate take-off. Only now I realised that this was a military compound. From about 50 metres away, behind a stone wall, we watched the rocket take off; it looked rather larger than before. I wondered why it was so large. Shortly after take-off the rocket turned downwards and exploded on the ground. A low, broad fireball was coming towards us. We threw ourselves down.

Observation: Feeling: scared! A gigantic explosion and then fire coming at you, you fear for your life. After that I woke up. My first thought after waking was: what a lot of trash I have dreamed. I was no longer afraid because I knew that it had only been a dream.

During the proving I woke up a lot but always fell asleep again immediately; tossing and turning. My sleep was superficial; when I haven't had a good night's sleep I am tired in the morning and want to stay asleep longer.

PROVER 15, FEMALE (35 years old – remedy known)

I go to bed tired hoping for a good, deep sleep like the night before. After a short while I am lying in bed totally wound-up, the same sensation as after drinking coffee, albeit without the press of thoughts. I am trying to drop off and eventually I fall into a light, superficial, sleep, aware of every noise. In the morning I wake up at the first sound of my alarm clock; I don't feel shattered as I do after sleeping badly due to coffee consumption. I am immediately aware and fit.

Dream: I am sitting in my office, a relatively small room. Constantly more desks and colleagues arrive though they don't belong to my department. We are sitting very cramped (*the room*) is totally overcrowded and becomes fuller and fuller). Suddenly someone connects a workstation to a power outlet which turns bright red and starts to sizzle; everybody shrinks back.

Observation: Sensation: shock, fear, shrinking back, paralysing fear; everybody is huddling together. Somebody pulls out the plug; relief, we had thought that it was going to explode. The crush (*in the office*) I just took note of.

Dream: A colleague tells me that his wife is pregnant; after that I am away on holiday for two weeks. When I return two people have died. The child – somebody from the homoeopathy course gave her an injection that was supposed to help... now they are both dead and someone is missing from the office. Feeling: disappointed and sad; the incident with the child was terrible.

Observation: One or one-and-a-half days later I had already forgotten my dreams. Last night the same sensation as on the first day: as though I had drunk coffee; more (*noticeable*) heart beat.

PROVER 16, MALE (age unknown)

In the evening I buried the remedy in my pillow. In the morning I awoke one hour too early – that never happens. I fell asleep again but only for short periods; I didn't dream anything that I can remember.

After the next night I awoke half an hour too early; slight headache, no dreams.

Dream: I had my television set valued, I don't know why. I was looking through the user instructions. S7 was on the right side, S97 on the left. Somebody said, "That's correct". Melanie was standing beside me. The user instructions were also a catalogue; the walkman – the same that my nephew had received as a communion gift – cost DM 605 (*in reality* DM 40). The questions "Why" occurred several times. I wondered why I was doing all this.

During the next night I awoke several times and fell asleep again having a different dream each time.

Dream: Court hearing with a jury; I am the defence counsel.

Observation: I don't know any more. (*It may be*) from a film I saw yesterday. The other dreams disappeared immediately. In one of them there was an issue about my possibly becoming a head of department at INI. But the dream was very hazy when I woke up. I am currently having some stress at work.

Dream: A gigantic cave with an underground city and the quotation: "The city swallows everything."

Observation: I rarely dream of such things, somehow it's a feeling of threat. Everything is without context.

Then several dreamless nights. My nose is blocked.

Dream: Of a pink cheese covered in icing sugar. Unfortunately I can't remember more.

Then, for the first time I have neck pain already in the morning (I often get it during the day or towards evening. I feel as though my head is a bit congested, a light cold. A slightly sore throat during the next few days (I never get that); it really hurt on swallowing; it disturbed me.

PROVER 17, FEMALE (24 years old)

Unfortunately I dreamed nothing. In general, I only dream rarely but when I do I can remember it really well.

Mind you, my cat that stays in my room at night could not make friends with the remedy at all. It tried constantly to pull the pillow from under my head. It has become rather aggressive and "wound-up" (as though under the influence of drugs) while normally it is rather sleepy, being quite an old cat.

THEMES

Deception – being cheated and betrayed

To conceal, camouflage, underground, hidden ⇔ un/discovered, to track down

Keys – ornaments/jewellery, treasure

Unavoidable, fate takes its course – the path that is shown ends at the top or something comes to the surface, then one is in danger

Contradictions that cannot be reconciled, e.g. a stinking odourless gas; a steep plain

Danger – threat/menace

To be put to any work, literally: “to be put in front of every cart” – liberating oneself from a handicap